

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



UNRECOGNISED.

NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Good night, good night; parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good night till it be morrow.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE object of Arthur Neville's unexpected visit to the Goshen was to prevent, if possible, the contemplated ejection of its inmates. He had

heard of Lizzie's illness, and jumped at once to the conclusion that sorrow and distress of mind were the cause of it. Knowing that she was never very strong, he could not feel surprise that the prospect of leaving the home to which they were all so warmly attached had proved too great a trial for her. He had failed to persuade his brother to interfere in their behalf. The letters he had written on the subject had been either unnoticed or answered evasively. He would have followed him to Italy, but after

PRICE ONE PENNY.

No. 1478.—APRIL 24, 1880.

what he had heard of Michael Brownlow's failure, he doubted whether, even if he should succeed in obtaining a promise from his brother, he would be able to depend on its fulfilment. He had therefore reluctantly given up for the time all hope of averting the act of oppression which the steward, urged on by his wife, had resolved upon.

But now, finding that Lizzie had taken the contemplated change so much to heart, and that her health was suffering, he had resolved to make a further effort, and that of a kind which he hoped would be effectual, at least for a time. He had again consulted his lawyers, and though they could not give him any great hope of ultimate success, he had made up his mind to put forward his claim to the whole estates of Thickthorn and Dulborough. He expected, as a consequence of this step, to obtain an injunction restraining his brother from making any important changes on the property; and though it might be at the cost of heavy law expenses and ultimate disappointment, he would at least gain time; and time, according to his idea, was just then of extreme importance, and well worth paying for.

But when he came to talk over this question with Mr. Brownlow, the good farmer, far from giving him encouragement, declined at once to take advantage of the remedy proposed. He had promised to give up the house, he said, and must be faithful to his word. If the notice had been duly served, and nothing out of the usual course had happened, he might have been glad to avail himself of the opportunity to dispute the possession; but now that was not possible. Michael had already entered upon the land which he was to hold under the agreement made with Mr. Chamberlain. "In short," said Brownlow, "I have given my word; and if your brother were to come himself and bid me keep the farm and house I could not do it now, unless the steward also would consent. I shan't let Lizzie go out of the house until she is well enough to bear it; but as soon as she can be moved, off we must go. You would only lose your cause and throw away your money to no purpose."

"I will take the risk of that," said Arthur.

"But even if you were likely to be successful it could not make any difference to us. I must keep my word, whatever happens. I must abide by my agreement. It is too late now to make any alteration."

"I wish you had kept to your first resolve," said Arthur, "not to leave the house till you were turned out of it."

"That was my wife's determination," said Brownlow. "I wondered to hear of it; and she gave in afterwards. No, Mr. Arthur; we shall be able to shift next week I hope. The sooner it's over and done with now, the better for us all."

"It is a great pity," said Arthur, dolefully. "It will be such a trouble to you and Mrs. Brownlow and your daughter."

"We shall get over it," said John Brownlow.

"Yes; but Lizzie; she is not so well able to bear it."

"She will be helped through, no doubt."

"It has made her so ill already."

"I don't know that that is the cause of her illness," Brownlow answered; "it may be something else."

"Shall I be able to see her, do you think?"

"Yes; I hope so. She is a good deal better this afternoon. Mr. Andrews was surprised to find her so much improved."

"I'll come in again this evening if I may," said Arthur, and took his leave.

When he returned Lizzie was downstairs. She looked much less ill than he had expected. She was not fretting about the house, she told him. She was quite willing to leave it. She looked alarmed when he talked of asserting his claim to the estates, but refrained from giving an opinion on that subject. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly. Arthur Neville was not willing to give up the point which had brought him from Cambridge to consult with his lawyers and the Brownlows. He returned frequently to the subject, and would fain have persuaded Mr. Brownlow to postpone his removal at least till Michaelmas, and to let him take such steps as the law might enable him, to obviate the necessity altogether. But no one gave him any encouragement; and Lizzie, for one cause or other, was so far from sympathising with his proposal that he at length ceased to speak of it.

Lizzie retired early, and Arthur Neville did the same, promising to call again the next day.

He was true to his appointment, and found Lizzie again much better. She spent the greater part of that evening downstairs. There was no longer any doubt, they all thought, that she would be able to leave the house next week. Arthur Neville's proposal for postponing or preventing the removal met with as little encouragement as before. Finding himself alone with Lizzie in the course of the evening, he said to her, "You don't seem to like the idea of a lawsuit?"

Lizzie hesitated, and seemed to find a difficulty in expressing herself.

"It would be mortifying if you were to lose your cause," she said at length, with her eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Yes. But if I were to win?"

She did not seem elated, even at that prospect, and made no reply.

"You would be very glad, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"Of course; oh, yes; of course I should."

"Why of course?" he asked again, scarcely satisfied.

"It would be such a good thing for you and for everybody."

"'Everybody,' like 'of course,' is such a general term," said Arthur. "I would rather hear what you yourself think, and how you would feel about it, if I were to be successful."

"I? oh, glad; very glad, of course. My father and mother would rejoice, and so should I, of course."

"Still 'of course'? You would rejoice with others and for others. Have you not one little word to say about it for your own self?"

The colour mounted to her forehead. She feared to speak lest she should seem to attach too much meaning to his words.

"I suppose if you were to gain your cause we might come back to the Goshen some day if we wished it."

"Yes; if you wished it."

"I am very fond of the old home, but I could be equally happy anywhere else, I trust."

"If I were the squire you should have your choice of all the houses on the estate. If I could offer you Thickthorn what would you say to me? Would you be satisfied to live there?"

"Hush, hush! Oh don't put such thoughts into my head! I am only a farmer's daughter."

She trembled so that he must needs take her by the hand to quiet her.

"And I am only a poor undergraduate, with barely enough to give me a start in the world. I have to make my own way and to work for my living."

Her fingers closed round his as he said those words, but still she did not speak.

"I do not give up my hope of the estate," he said; "but if I had gone to law about it now it would have been for your sake; and whatever I do at any future time will be all for your sake. Will you share my lot, Lizzie, whatever it may be? Will you share it—for better for worse, for richer for poorer?"

"Stay, stay!" she cried. "I ought not to let you say this. You did not intend to say it when you came here. Soon, perhaps, you may know better what your prospects are. If Thickthorn should after all be yours—if you should prove to be the owner of all this property—"

She hesitated to say what was in her thoughts, but he understood her.

"In that case," he said, "you think I might repent?"

"No; but your position would be different."

"Then I will never try for it. I hope I may never have it."

"You must; you ought."

"But a few moments ago you did not seem to think so, or to wish it."

"We do not always wish as we think."

"You think, then, that I ought to claim it, but you wish that I may not succeed?"

"Yes—no; I can hardly say that. I had better say nothing."

The handle of the door turned at this moment. He clasped her hand in his, and felt her fingers close around his own, firmly and passionately, though only for an instant.

"I am satisfied," he said, hastily; "I will repeat my question another time. But it is answered already, is it not?"

Though she had dropped his hand she did not make any gesture of dissent.

"Another time if you will," she whispered, as the door opened and her mother entered the room.

"You must be tired, Lizzie," Mrs. Brownlow said. "It is time for you to go upstairs."

She did not look tired, but rather, animated and excited.

"I hope I have not fatigued her?" Arthur Neville said.

"On the contrary; you have done her good. It is so kind of you to come so far to see us. It is the last time we shall meet in the old home."

"Yes; I must go away to-morrow. My next visit will be, I suppose, to Windy Gorse. But you will not venture to remove there just yet?"

"As soon as we can do so with safety."

"I shall be ready to go next week," said Lizzie.

She yielded presently to her mother's wish that she should retire, and bade Arthur Neville good night.

"I shall write," he whispered, as he parted from her at the door; "I may write, mayn't I? and you will write to me?"

She looked at him, but did not speak. She could not think it would be right to give him any en-

couragement. She thought of him as the possible squire of Thickthorn and Dulborough, the owner of the great house, intimate with all the grand people of the neighbourhood, a county man, a statesman perhaps, in years, to come! There was no reason why he should not rise to any degree of eminence. What would he think or do if the estates should be his and such a career open to him? That he should hesitate to fulfil his plighted word was, of course, out of the question; he was too good, too honourable, and, she hoped, too much attached to her for that to be possible. But would it be fair towards him to take his pledge or suffer him to bind himself at such a time and under such circumstances? These thoughts had troubled her, in spite of herself, for weeks past, and now they thronged into her mind as Arthur Neville again held her hand in his, wishing her good night.

It was better, she said to herself, to leave the important question which had been asked, and would be asked again, undecided. Arthur Neville must be free. But she felt as she went to her room that it was, in fact, decided already, and that his freedom, as well as her own, had been virtually yielded up.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"HABET!"

Alh Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit?

—*Virgil.*

WHETHER it might be ascribed to Arthur Neville's visit or to some other potent cause, Lizzie Brownlow recovered her health, strength, and spirits so rapidly that there was no difficulty whatever in making the removal from the Goshen to Windy Gorse on the day which had been originally fixed for it. If the work-people whom Mrs. Chamberlain had engaged had been equally punctual they would have found the old house ready for them, its empty rooms presenting a picture of desolation such as had not been seen within those walls as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember. The house had descended from one generation to another with scarcely so much as a change of furniture. On no previous occasion had it been stripped and deserted as it was now, locked up from the outside, and left to emptiness and silence.

In that condition it remained for several days. The builders and decorators did not appear at the time appointed, and Mrs. Chamberlain turned away from her daily visit to the house disappointed, angry, and almost in tears. After much trouble in looking them up, they came at last and set to work in earnest, stripping the paper from the walls, tearing up the tiles from the hearth, breaking down imperfect ceilings, and making a general disturbance. As soon as they had accomplished this, and had strewn the floors everywhere with dust and rubbish, they went away again, and were not heard of any more for about ten days. They had by this beginning secured the job, Mr. Chamberlain said, with a laugh, and intended to go on with it at their leisure. Very likely they would take six months to finish it, if not more.

Mrs. Chamberlain was very angry with her husband for treating the matter in such a heartless and indifferent way. It was all very well for him, she said; he was not living at the "Pastures," and did not know what it was; he had established himself and his office at Thickthorn, there being no room for him in their temporary dwelling, and was living in clover. It did not signify to him what other people had to put up with.

Mr. Chamberlain's conduct, it must be confessed, afforded some ground for these remarks. He paid a short visit to Rushy Pastures every day, to see how his wife and daughter were getting on, and went away again, congratulating himself that he had secured a more comfortable refuge for himself. He did not trouble himself to look after the workpeople at the Grange, and was at no pains, even, to conceal the amusement he derived from witnessing the shifts to which his wife and her maid Spilby were reduced.

Week after week passed on, and matters at the Goshen only grew more worrying and distressing. The workpeople, like the weeks, came and went; but not with the same regularity. Mrs. Chamberlain said they were always going and never coming. There were Saturday half-holidays and Monday whole holidays, and rainy days when they could not work out of doors, and fine days when they would not work indoors; and Mrs. Chamberlain went to and fro on all days, bringing back now a splash of whitewash on her back, and now a streak of paint upon her sleeve, and now a shaving or a slip of pasted paper on her bonnet like a ribbon, till at last she declared that if things went on like that she would presently not have a thread of anything left that was fit to wear, and must go to London for an entirely new wardrobe. That would not have suited Mr. Chamberlain, for he could not have charged it as necessary repairs to the estate. He proposed, therefore, that she should wear a pinafore or a dressing-gown whenever she visited the house. And that was set down as another heartless joke. What did he care, living in clover at Thickthorn, what miseries his wife and daughter had to undergo?

Meantime the Brownlows were settled at Windy Gorse, and as much at home there as they were ever likely to be. Lizzie had borne the removal without any evil consequences, and the air, which was fresher and more bracing than she had been used to in the valley, suited her admirably. She soon began to walk about again, and seemed in much better spirits and altogether more satisfied with her lot than could have been anticipated.

Michael was busy with his new farm. Already that (or something else) was causing him a great deal of anxiety, folks said. He had grown moody and silent of late, and looked careworn. Often he might be seen leaning over a gate, deeply involved, as was supposed, in some scientific problem, or standing still in the middle of a field leaning upon the hoe which he usually carried with him, and wrapped in his own reflections. The labourers looked at him and made their remarks about him. "He might have grown there," some of them said, when they saw him rooted to the same spot for half an hour at a time. "They would not be surprised if the cattle was to go and rub themselves agen him, taking him for a post set there a purpose." "It was a wonder the birds didn't go and perch upon his hat, as they did upon the old scarecrow in the next field." Some of them were more sympathising, and observed that "Mr. Michael seemed to feel the change from his old home more than any of the rest; though he never spoke of it, and never made no complaints."

But they were all equally wrong in their conjectures; even his father and mother, who had noticed his silence and dullness in the house, were quite at fault as to the cause of it. It was not science that occupied his mind, nor anxiety as to the results of

his experimental farming, nor regret for the loss of his home; it was the remembrance of what had occurred at the door of the Goshen on the day of Eva's visit, and at the gate leading thereto.

"That horrid girl!" Those words rankled in his mind. He had often before spoken of her in those terms. He had not been particular who heard him. He wondered whether there had been any tell-tale voice to carry the expression to her ears. The words would not have signified so much if he had not behaved so rudely to her, letting the gate slam at her horse's heels, and taking no notice of her when she bowed to him. The horse was well-bred; the horse was "a gentleman;" he felt sure the sarcasm had been aimed at him, though he was not known to be within earshot at the time; and he knew that he had deserved it. He could not be jealous of a horse; but she was so fond of Sultan, she had said; and what must she think of him? He had behaved like an ill-conditioned puppy; he had shown his ill-temper to a lady; he had lost himself for ever as a gentleman in her opinion, of course, and also in his own.

The only remedy for these unpleasant reflections was to try and convince himself that it did not signify. He knew nothing of Eva Chamberlain. His first impression in regard to her might have been quite correct. He was a fool to think so much about her. She was, no doubt, proud and ambitious, like her mother. For her pride and ambition he and his had been turned out of their home. She had spoken civilly to him, and Lizzie seemed to like her; but if he were to meet her again she would very likely toss her head, now that she had gained her object, and pass him by. He resolved that he would never give her the opportunity. He would keep out of her way. He would think of her as Mr. Chamberlain's daughter—as a stuck-up, ambitious girl; in a word, as he had thought of her before she came to the Goshen that day, cantering along like a fine lady on that fine horse of her father's, that well-bred horse, that gentlemanly horse—. And at that period of his meditations he would gnash his teeth with rage, not against the horse, nor his rider, nor any one belonging to them, but against himself.

In spite of his resolution to avoid this objectionable girl he could not help seeing her at church sometimes, and fixing his eyes upon her when she was not looking at him. He was scarcely conscious how often he did this, till one day he caught sight of her mother returning his gaze on Eva's behalf with an unmistakeable look of anger and disdain; and that same morning both Mrs. Chamberlain and her daughter passed him on their way home without the slightest mark of recognition. It might not have been Eva's fault; but Michael had raised his hat, stiffly, and neither of them had taken any notice of him. He could see that they had purposely looked another way; and though he was himself affecting to do the same, it stung him to the quick.

He resolved that he would go no more to that church for the present. There was another church at Tugwell, a small village about two miles distant; and thither on the following Sunday he betook himself. To his extreme surprise, the first person he saw after he was seated there was Eva Chamberlain, with her father and mother beside her. Mr. Chamberlain had in fact been driven from his own church by John Brownlow's persistent civility. He could not endure being made a spectacle of, Sunday after

Sunday. Mr. Brownlow always happened to meet him, either before or after service, and to shake hands with him solemnly and impressively. Perhaps he meant nothing; but the steward felt, no doubt, that he was thinking all the while of having been driven out of his house, and was bent on showing how good and forgiving he could be. The neighbours evidently sympathised with Mr. Brownlow, and admired the Christian disposition which he manifested. The Chamberlains were by this time at the Grange, which was not very far from Tugwell; so the steward had decided on attending service there for a few Sundays in order to escape from Mr. Brownlow; and Mrs. Chamberlain, agreeing for once with her husband, fell in readily with this proposal to avoid his son.

Of course when Mrs. Chamberlain saw Michael and observed his eye fixed, in spite of himself, upon Eva,

she concluded at once that he had followed them to Tugwell designedly. She wanted her husband to wait for him after church and order him to go about his business; and though the steward refused to do anything of the sort, she succeeded in making her own feelings so unmistakably and offensively manifest to the intruder, that he went home in a state of fervid indignation, resolved to have nothing more to do with any of them. He had nearly made a fool of himself, he said, with—with—that horrid girl. Henceforth he would entertain no other feeling for any of them but anger and hatred and malice and all other evil passions; and if he could not go to church without meeting them, he would never go to church at all.

Certainly if his attendance at church was to be productive of such feelings, he might as well be absent.

ANTS.

"A LITTLE PEOPLE," BUT "EXCEEDING WISE."

BY THE REV. W. FARRER WHITE, M.A., VICAR OF STONEHOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

V.—THEIR AFFECTION FOR THE YOUNG, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR EARLY LIFE-HISTORY.

HAVING spoken of the loyalty and the affection of the ants for their queen, I will briefly notice their affection for their youthful charges delivered over to their nursing care by their gracious sovereign. I noticed that the queen was ever encircled by devoted adherents and attendants, and that among them were those who took charge of the tiny eggs immediately they were deposited, and hastened with them to the nurseries. These eggs are very small and whitish, and semi-transparent, and of an oval form; as they reach maturity they increase in size and become slightly kidney-shaped, indicating the form of the coming larva. They are so minute that the nurses could not safely transmit them in their mandibles to their place

moniously into the natural formicaria in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, we noticed certain chambers in the subterranean domiciles set apart evidently as nurseries, which were crowded with numerous little inmates in the form of ringed footless grubs, attenuated and curved towards the head, of a dull white, often clouded with grey. Examined through a microscope these grubs, which are without feet and composed of about twelve rings, we find are hairy and have little mouths, at each side of which are yellowish-brown hooklets, like tiny jaws, yet so far apart as to be of little or no service to them. They may possibly be the embryo of the future mandibles; for these grubs form the second stage in the life-history of the ants, and come from the egg before mentioned, which is the first stage of their early existence.

You will bear in mind that when we disturbed our little friends during their winter rest, when thought of danger flashed upon their frightened minds, how we observed them seize their tender charge in their mandibles and hurry off with them as fast as their little legs could carry them. That the nurses strove to shelter them from danger when exposed, by grasping them in a tender embrace—and which interesting incident you may see upon disturbing any ants' nest—is plain proof of their care and love for them.

It is a noteworthy circumstance in the history of the yellow species that the last autumn brood is arrested in its growth and hibernates, and that those larvæ which are able to survive the winter months are more densely clothed with hair, besides being provided with nurseries as far removed as possible from the outer variable temperature, being transported thither by their careful guardians. In one of my formicaria I have observed a marvellous instance of the care of the workers for the larvæ. There was a piece of earth lying on a helpless grub; one or two workers showed the greatest anxiety to emancipate their imprisoned charge; one gently pulled the larva

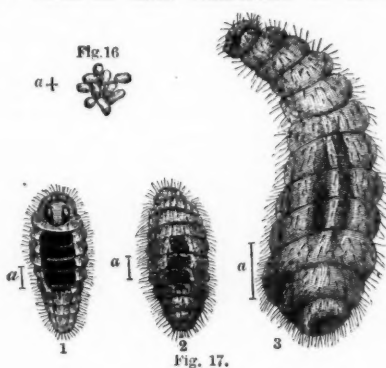


Fig. 16.—Cluster of Eggs; a, natural size.

Fig. 17.—Larva of Ant.

1, front view of larva. 2, back view of larva. 3, larva of female in hungry attitude. a, natural size.

of shelter; we find, therefore, that they are glutinous, and adhere together, and can thus in little clusters be carried in perfect security in the loving arms of their foster-mothers.

You will remember that when digging uncere-

with its mandibles and the other removed the earth bit by bit, joined now and then by another, who gave friendly assistance at intervals. They rested not until the rescue was effected, and then one took one end and the other the opposite end of the larva, and only for a moment hesitated as to the course to adopt when one unselfishly resigned to the other worker the privilege of conveying the object of their interest to a subterranean place of safety. You must know also that, to keep them always at a suitable temperature during the warmer months, the careful nurses carry the grubs after the sun has risen and shed its radiance on their domicile to the chambers near the surface of their nest to nourish them by the sun's warmth, and every evening they carry them back to a lower storey to protect them from the dews and cold of night, and I have oftentimes watched them act thus, through the glass sides of my formicaria, while regulating their marvellous movements by artificial light and heat. I have also observed the workers bring up clusters of the tiny eggs into chambers subjected to the warmth of the morning sun, and remove them in the afternoon when the pleasant sunbeams have ceased to play upon the sides or surface of their habitation. Frequently I have watched such an intelligent incident in the colony of *Formica sanguinea* in the glass vessel in my study window.

The workers themselves thoroughly enjoy the sunshine, for I have noticed the chambers on which the sun is shining crowded with workers, even when no eggs are visible. It is the same with other species, as when, in the instance before recorded, I suddenly introduced a gleam of sunlight into a chamber of another formicarium in my study, which served as the winter quarters of *F. aliena*, and the clustering workers began to move, and, seemingly, dance for joy, under the vivifying influence of the sunbeam.

THE SEXES OF FORMICA ALIENA DISTINGUISHED FROM THOSE OF FORMICA NIGRA.

I should mention that this ant is closely allied to *F. nigra*, the common garden ant, though not nearly so frequently met with. I have, however, found the ant not only at Bournemouth, a recognised habitat, but most extensive colonies in Suffolk, especially at Lowestoft, and in profusion under the stones scattered over the warren at Minehead, where I found all the sexes. The colony I have in my possession I met with under a stone on Stinchcombe Hill, one of the highest points of the Cotswolds, which is another new locality for this species. The workers may be distinguished from the common *nigra* by the scape of the antennæ and the legs being more pubescent. The males and females have been hitherto difficult to separate, in consequence of the pubescence varying in its denseness; but I was happy last year in discovering a distinguishing characteristic for the female of *aliena*, and accepted as such by Mr. Smith. I found it to possess a tinted costal area (one of the cells into which the wing is divided), while the costal area of *nigra* is colourless, since which I have noticed that the male of *aliena* has also a tinted costal area, though of a different colour, being smoky and very pale; whereas that of the female is yellow.

HOW THE LARVÆ ARE FED AND KEPT CLEAN.

When hungry, how are the helpless larvæ to obtain the needful sustenance? They stretch the anterior

part of their bodies, open wide their tiny mouths, and seek from their nurses the food without which they could not live. The tender nurses administer the welcome aliment through their own mouths. The regimen, it has been presumed, is proportioned to their growth, and the females are fed with greater liberality. With the exception of the winter months, the young require feeding several times a day, and when we remember that in well-stocked nests there are many thousand mouths craving food at stated intervals, we are able to form some idea of the work, and shall not wonder at the ceaseless activity of the self-denying labourers. Then, to keep the babies clean, the faithful nurses pass over them their mandibles and their tongues, rendering them by this means as white as milk.

THE LITTLE WEAVERS.

When the infants have reached their full proportions they try their hands, or rather their mouths, at weaving, and fall asleep in silken coverlids of their own design and making. And now is the care and labour of the nurses at an end? By no means; for, food excepted, these pupæ, or cocoons, as they are called, and which are the third stage in the little people's life, require as much attention as the larvæ, or grubs. They need to be carried from the bottom of the nest, and thence again every morning and evening; and who are able to perform this arduous task but the loving nurses, who, strange to say, regulate their proceedings by the sun, removing their little charges, as is their wont, according to his rising and setting? I have oftentimes induced them to act in a similarly methodical manner in the night season by causing the light of a candle to fall upon the transparent side of a formicarium, and withdrawing it after a stated interval.

UNWEARIED AND VARIOUS LABOURS.

Their labours are, of course, considerably increased when their home is thrown into confusion by the unhappy tread of a passing animal, or when the nurseries are flooded by an unusually heavy shower, their duty being to gather together the helpless young and shelter them, or carry them down into safer and drier apartments; to repair the breach in their castle walls, to reconstruct its ruined chambers, and clear away the crumbling masonry from the numerous avenues and corridors, and rescue their companions who may have suffered from the untoward accident. By breaking down a part of the masonry, and flooding the upper nurseries in an artificial formicarium, I have witnessed the intelligence, the sympathy, and unwearied diligence of the workers in active exercise. The rapidity with which they remove their infant charges from the crowded nurseries to a place of safe retreat, and reconstruct their desolated home, is something marvellous to witness. And then, again, how tenderly the indefatigable foster-mothers watch the silken envelopes enclosing the voluntary prisoners! They listen ceaselessly as they mount guard to catch the first feeble stir of returning consciousness, and as soon as they detect the helpless effort of the prisoner to escape, knowing by unerring instinct that, unaided, it cannot, three or four, with admirable care and skill, stand upon the cocoon, begin to open it where they know the head is situated, which is always, strange to say, at the end opposite to that which is

marked by a little black bead-like protuberance, and, with their mandibles, they cut the many silken threads of which the envelope is fabricated, until a hole is made large enough to enable the inmate of the prison of its own construction to escape. Even then it cannot move without the assistance of the careful workers, since it is enclosed in a second covering, or pellicle, which has to be removed, of which more anon; and, with the utmost gentleness, they help to extricate it from its trammels, and, with loving touch, they smooth the wings of those who happily possess them, and in the words of Hübner, "after liberating and afterwards feeding the newborn insects, they still, for several days, watch and follow them everywhere, teaching them to unravel the paths and winding labyrinths of the common habitation; and when the males and females again take flight, these affectionate step-mothers accompany them to the summit of the highest heaps, showing the most tender solicitude for them (some even endeavour to retain them), feeding them for the last time; and at length, when they rise and disappear, seeming to linger for some seconds over the footsteps of these favoured beings, of whom they have taken such exemplary care, and whom they will never behold again."

I have often been an interested spectator of the tender solicitude of yellow workers of the *umbrata* for the black males. In my artificial formicarium I have seen them give them food from their own mouths, and follow them as they mount the crystal walls. And the numerous entrances of the natural formicarium in my front flower border, before alluded to, I have often seen crowded with males; each cluster being constantly guarded by a cordon of workers, the contrast between the yellow workers and the black males being singularly beautiful. When one or more of the princes have managed to break through the ranks the sentinels have followed them and brought them back. And when by mutual consent the males have ventured to take a constitutional, the workers have always followed them and kept them in view, and in due time directed their steps homeward, and ceased not to guard them until they were again safe and sound within the domestic circle.

THE COCOONS, POPULARLY CALLED "ANTS' EGGS."

Anderson tells us in his "Recreations in Agriculture," that the Russian shepherds ingeniously avail themselves of the attachment of ants to their young for obtaining with little trouble a collection of the pupæ, which they sell as dainty food for nightingales. They scatter an ants' nest upon a dry plot of ground, surrounded with a shallow trench of water, and place on one side of it a few fir branches. Under these the ants, having no other alternative, carefully arrange all their pupæ, and in an hour or two the shepherd finds a large heap clean and ready for market. The enclosed pupæ, I should remind you, are those small white or pale yellow objects of oval form and varying size, according to the sex of the future ant, which any one may notice in an ants' nest when disturbed, for then the nurses seize them in their mandibles and run about with them over the crumbled ruins of their houses, seeking a safe retreat. They are by the uninitiated called "ants' eggs," and are collected in Germany as in Russia, with the kind assistance of the nurses, and sold as fattening food

for birds. In the season they may be purchased in London shops as a delicacy for youthful pheasants and partridges. For this purpose ants' nests are

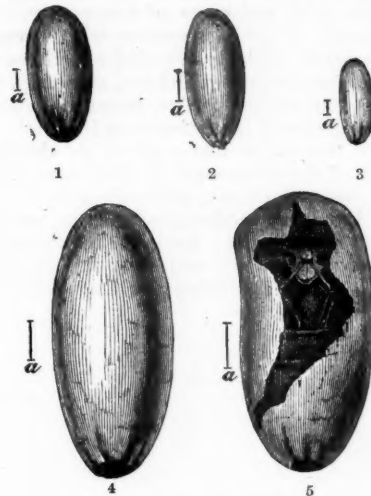


Fig. 18.—Cocoons of *Formica flava*.

1, male; 2, large worker; 3, small worker; 4, female; 5, cocoon of female, to show pupa *in situ*; a, natural size.

considered as valuable property by gamekeepers. I have been told by a gamekeeper in Stonehouse that he has often fed his master's game with the eggs, as he calls the enclosed pupæ of the yellow ant. The ants themselves are greedily devoured, but the red species are avoided; these latter would, he says, sting his birds to death. The yellow, and those other species which spin cocoons, have, you will remember, no stings.

In the winter season you may inquire in vain for pupæ in the bird-fanciers' shops in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, since at this time of the year they cannot be obtained from the nurseries of the ants. As I have reminded you, the growth of the larvæ of the autumn brood is always arrested before the cold weather sets in, since the pupæ are too delicate to outlive a severe temperature. I have never found any pupæ in those yellow ants' nests I have carefully examined during winter, but I have noticed the nurseries crowded with small larvæ with their winter clothing.

A beautiful illustration have we in this incident in the economy of the little people of the inspired assurance that God's tender mercies are over all His works.

PUPÆ WITHOUT THE SILKEN ENVELOPE.

In passing, I should mention that the pupæ of



Fig. 19.—Pupa of *Myrmica heinrichi*, with pellicle partially removed; a, natural size.

those ants which have stings and do not spin cocoons are covered with a thin membranous envelope, which is common also to those pupæ which are robed in silk, from which they cannot extricate themselves without the kind assistance of the nurses. These naked pupæ are sometimes spotless white, sometimes yellow, sometimes light brown, and sometimes nearly black, according to the sex and age, assuming, doubtless, the colour of the perfect insect the nearer it reaches the period of liberation from its bonds. The pellicle fits the pupæ like a glove, so closely that every part of the future ant is distinctly indicated, viz., the antennæ, thorax, peduncle with its nodes, abdomen, legs, and undeveloped wings, predicting unhesitatingly the sexes. Last year I obtained pupæ of the rare *M. lobicornis*, and I could identify the species from its distinguishing characteristic, the little

horn on the scape of the antennæ, being seen by reason of its delicate and closely-fitting vestiture.



Fig. 20.—Front view of pupa of *Myrmica ruginodis* (female) in pellicle; a, natural size.

ACROSS PANAMA.



BUENO VESTA STATION, PANAMA LINE.

WE lingered as long as possible on board the *Moselle*, the large and comfortable steamer which had brought us so safely and pleasantly from Southampton to Colon, dreading to spend an hour longer than was absolutely necessary in that dirty little negro village, which is far-famed for its terrible unhealthiness. The hurricane through which we had been brought, thanks to a kind Providence, a stout ship, and the ablest captain on the line, had injured the wharf and destroyed many of the buildings. An unusually malignant fever was raging fiercely, and we looked forward with much apprehension to the days we must remain on the isthmus. It was quite uncertain how many they might be, as the steamers on the other side, running to San Francisco, the port for which we were bound, sail in connection with others from New York.

At last the time came when the train was to start, which was to take us forty-eight miles across the isthmus to the old Spanish town of Panama. A short description of this line may be of interest just now.

It was opened in 1855, having been made at an

enormous expense, both of money and human life. It has been estimated that one body at least may be said to lie beneath every sleeper along the road. The Chinamen who were employed in making it—those patient, hardworking creatures, who have done so much work along the coasts of the Western world—work no others could be found to do, and for which they have often received comparatively small pay and no thanks—received £20 each per month whilst making this line.

The isthmus is crossed midway by the River Chagres, just as that of Suez is by the Nile. The railroad passes over the river upon an iron bridge 625 feet in length, close to a small village called Barbacoas. The unhealthiness of the whole locality is well known. How could low marshy land, intersected by a wide, sluggish stream, whose shallow waters simmer perpetually under the rays of a fierce tropical sun, be otherwise? "Shagress fever," as they call it, is the terror of all the stewards who run with the steamers to Aspinwall and Panama. I say of the stewards, especially, because we heard more about it from them than from any one else; our own

room-steward was often laid up with it. The Americans call it "the shakes." This they have always threatening, and the yellow fever from time to time; and yet a druggist in Panama coolly informed me that he considered the town "the healthiest place in the world, if folks would only take care of themselves"! This man was evidently of the same mind as one whose story is told in a late number of "Scribner's Magazine," who was a martyr to the "shakes." On looking over a "disease map" of the United States, he found that "where there was no shakes there was something that was worse; so," said he, "if I must have a disease, give me one as I'm used to;" and he stopped where he was.

Panama has a perfectly dry season, which lasts from December to April. After that rain sets in, and continues to fall more or less heavily for the rest of the year, excepting a few days in June, when a remarkable phenomenon that cannot be explained takes place. Every year, about the 20th of that month—"never a day earlier or later," we were told—the rain suddenly ceases for five or six days, and the sun shines all day long: the rain then comes on again.

The scenery is very tropical; luxuriant, but wild and disorderly. The Chagres, its banks dotted here and there with native villages, runs north of the line after crossing it. The inhabitants of those villages we saw seem to be chiefly a mixture of the Spanish and Indian races. About the doors of their huts jerked beef hung in long ribbon-like strips; hideous scavenger-birds walked amongst turkeys and ordinary fowls; lean, miserable-looking dogs dragged

bread-fruit trees, over which the bright-red passion-flower trails; and here and there are patches of yellow and white blossoms and masses of gay scarlet berries; a nimble little monkey is now and then visible, or a solitary white pelican. At intervals along the line are a few well-built houses belonging to some railway officials, painted white, with green jealousy blinds, standing in neat, pretty enclosures surrounded by mango-trees, the red and white



GIGANTIC CACTUS.

(From a Photograph.)

themselves about, too languid, they seemed, to be disturbed or excited by the daily commotion caused by the passing of the train. The scavenger-bird must not be despised, though it is truly odiously ugly, and seems an exemplification of the axiom that we grow like what we love; it is invaluable in eating up what would otherwise quickly breed pestilence and fever. Painted on one small hut, we were amused to see, "Grand Commercial Hotel."

Along the banks of the river huge alligators are often to be seen. To the left of the line, beyond the swamp, the hills gently rise, covered with luxuriant and brilliantly-coloured bush; cocoa-palms, bananas,

hibiscus, and even with bushes of the pale, sweetly-smelling monthly rose.

We arrived at the Panama station after about three hours' journey, and were immediately besieged by a crowd of blacks, who all seemed bent on snatching our things out of our very hands. At the advice of a fellow-passenger, who had once lived in Panama, we gave them all into the care of one man, to be taken to the Grand Hotel, whilst we got into the common omnibus. For the distance of one mile to this hotel and back again, when we had to take the steamer in the bay, we were charged £2 10s. for ourselves and our luggage.

The old town of Panama is a most disappointing place. One seems to expect more from such an ancient Spanish city—the capital, too, of the State—which is one of the nine forming the United States of Columbia, the name now given to the Republic of New Granada. The original city was destroyed by buccaneers, under the notorious old pirate, Captain Morgan, in 1670. The streets are narrow, the houses dirty and very old, the roads stony and rough in the extreme. The glare and heat are something terrible, and the information which we soon received, that the fever then raging was of an unusually bad description, did not help to make us cheerful. We were informed that in the Panama district from thirty to forty people were dying daily. The melancholy passing-bell tolled all day long from the cathedral opposite our hotel; sad little funeral processions passed constantly, and about the streets many weak and emaciated persons, who were evidently just recovering, crept with languid, weary steps.

The hotel, fortunately a large and airy one, is in a square facing the cathedral, and is built in the form of a quadrangle, having broad verandas all round it. Within the sides of this quadrangle, outside the bedrooms, galleries run, from which one looks down on large billiard-rooms, where men of every nationality are at play all day, and, it seemed, all night long. It was curious to watch them as they won or lost largely. The charge for each person, inclusive of breakfast, and dinner at the *table-d'hôte*, is three dollars a day. Soda-water, at one shilling and threepence the bottle, is in great request, for the water is very bad.

The only place we went to see was the cathedral. Its internal decoration is ugly and tawdry, but the rich brown colour of the stone, and its great age, give a very interesting look to the exterior, which, however, is anything but "elegant," as the "Encyclopædia Britannica" describes it.

We simply existed during those weary days in Panama—lounging about in long bamboo chairs upon the shady side of the veranda, looking down with languid eyes on the hot streets below. Sometimes a long-robed priest, missal in hand, or a demure-looking nun, with eyes meekly downcast and deprecating gait, would pass by, and a solitary native laden with fruit; but on the whole the square had a dead and forsaken look.

At the end of four days we heard, to our great relief, that the New York boat had arrived at Aspinwall, and as, according to contract, the American passengers are allowed to go on board the steamer at Panama at once, whether she be ready to sail or no, we too obtained permission to do the same, and hastened to transfer ourselves from the dismal town to the Great Republic, which lay in the harbour. How thankful we were to get away! We bought a few pins for a shilling—no smaller coin seemed to pass in the town; got a case of claret and a few medicines, and hurried with as much life and spirit as were still in us down to the wharf. What a set of swindlers the people who condescended to help us on board were! The black who carried the claret decoyed us to the wrong side of the wharf, clearly from malice prepense; clapped down the case, claimed his pay, and ran away. Two other blacks—I do not call these fellows "coloured men," they were not sufficiently respectable—generously exerted themselves, with great show of indignation, to move

us to the right side, for which, of course, they had to be well paid also. At last we were safely on board the little steam tender, awaiting the arrival of the New York passengers. We sat down, faint and weak, under the glare of the afternoon sun, and longed for the night.

Presently the New Yorkers began to file on board, and were such a comical-looking set of people as I had only imagined to exist in Punch's pages: each one seemed more ludicrous than the other. There were gaunt female figures, attired in long dust-cloaks of brown holland, and hats without a pretence at trimming; men in overcoats of the same, wearing hats and caps made of red bark, which looked like fools-caps. They had bought them, I found, at Aspinwall. On they came, bustling along in spite of the heat, talking in high nasal tones, comparing notes about everything. Since the opening of the Great Pacific Railroad the better class of travellers, saving a few who choose to take the sea voyage for the sake of health, all go overland to San Francisco; so the passengers we had were chiefly people to whom time was of no importance, providing their board was secured; and the passage by Panama, though it lasts about four weeks, whilst the railway journey only takes seven days, costs far the less of the two.

It was late when we got on board the Great Republic, which—as it appeared, all lighted up, through the darkness—might have been taken for some huge floating hotel. A covered gallery ran all round the outside, on which the windows of the state-rooms and the doors of the saloon opened; a most delightful arrangement for a vessel in warm latitudes, for each passenger can sit outside his own little room and enjoy the sea breeze in the shade with a sense of privacy and restfulness impossible on deck. To English eyes the steamer looked only suitable for some vast smooth canal, not even fit for a river; we could not imagine ourselves on the ocean in such a craft, and remembered with thankfulness that our course lay all the way in sight of the shore.

And yet this vessel had been running for some time between San Francisco and Japan, or China, I forget which. The masts were apparently mere broomsticks, the solitary funnel was immense, and the engine beam stood out, above the uppermost deck, conspicuously ugly.

On going up the gangway we were surprised to find the large crew was composed of long pig-tailed Chinamen, and only the officers and the two chief stewards were Americans. The New Yorkers were at once shown to the state-rooms allotted to them; whilst a letter of introduction from the editor of the "Panama Star and Herald" to the captain procured for us a very pleasant reception. By him we were handed over to the purser, who gave us the best room in the ship—one which, in these boats, is always dignified by the title of the "Bridal Chamber." Our Chinese room-steward, with many salaams, soon brought us a great pitcher of iced water, and we felt very distinguished indeed.

To the same introduction we were indebted for seats at the captain's table, on which the chief steward—a grand major-domo who always stood with great dignity at the end of the saloon and majestically waved his orders—took care that the best dishes should always be placed. And I, sitting at the captain's right hand, always partook of his tea, the most fragrant I ever tasted, selected by him-

self, and infused in his own private teapot. Those who are familiar with the tea usually to be had on shipboard will understand how great a privilege that was.

The Great Republic had accommodation for 1,500 passengers. The chief saloon was immense, and besides it there was a smaller saloon on the higher deck, usually called the "Social Hall." This had a piano, and was most luxuriously furnished with carpet, rugs, and easy-chairs.

At the farther end of the great saloon, in the stern, was a regular barber's shop, for which the coloured man who kept it paid a very high rent. There he led a proud and happy existence, removed from all vulgar competition, selling hats and caps of every description, neckties, collars, and other small articles of man's attire, holding a small *levée* daily, and driving a smart trade at all the harbours where our boat put in. A most important personage on board was our barber, and that he felt himself to be so was to be seen in his whole figure, which was attired utterly regardless of expense. His shop was the headquarters for male gossip; the entrance was always invitingly open, and immense raised easy-chairs gaped to receive those who could afford to pay a dollar for the luxury of being shaved and shampooed in the most elegant and fashionable style.

Each morning at eleven o'clock a solemn little procession, headed by the captain, who was followed by the doctor and the chief steward, went the round of the ship, and paid visits of close inspection to every state-room, the Chinese room-stewards being in attendance, that they might be reprimanded or admonished, as the case might be. Now and then

comical little scenes were witnessed, especially when some sea-sick, prudish, or fastidious lady tried to decline the honour of these morning calls.

This crew of Chinamen was the most orderly and well-behaved we had ever sailed with. The captain said they are far better than the mixed white crews of the Western World. They are so thoroughly united, always help one another, and if one has to be punished, all the rest are unhappy, he finds. Such quick, clever waiters, too, they make; watchful and quiet, anticipating one's needs in an astonishing fashion. It was quite a sight to see them all start together from the buffets with the *entrées* at a signal given by the black stewards; a second signal, and all were placed on the table as though by machinery. Their pay is £5 (20 dollars a month) all round. The only thing about them that annoyed me was that in pulling the ropes they made the most uncouth and frightful sounds.

We had to lie quietly in the still harbour of Panama, beneath a burning tropical sun, in view of the fever-stricken town, four whole days, as it took all that time to get the cargo transferred across the railway and on board the Great Republic. During the day the heat was overpowering; towards night it was more bearable, and the bay, dotted all over with numerous islets, looked beautiful in the light of the setting sun. "Dead Man's Island" was close to us, an intensely melancholy object, for there all who die in the harbour—and the many monuments and graves clearly visible on its gentle slope told that their name was legion—are buried. Right glad we were when our anchor was lifted and we were in motion once more.

J. A. OWEN.

THE TROUBLES OF A CHINAMAN.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIV.—PEKING.

PE-CHI-LI, the most northerly of the eighteen provinces of China, is divided into nine departments. The capital of one of these departments is Chum-Kin-Fo, a "Celestial town" of the first rank, the city of Peking.

If the fragments of a Chinese puzzle could be supposed to be arranged so as to form a perfect rectangle, covering a surface of more than 135,000 acres, some idea might be gained of the mysterious Kambaloo, of which Marco Polo gave such a remarkable description towards the end of the thirteenth century, and which is the present capital of the Celestial Empire.

Peking really contains two distinct towns, separated by a wide rampart and fortified wall; one, the Chinese section, is a rectangular parallelogram; the other, the Tartar, is almost a perfect square, and is again subdivided into Hoang-Tehing, the Yellow town, and Tsen-Kin-Tehing, the Red or Forbidden town.

Formerly the city had a population in the aggregate of more than two millions, but the emigration that ensued in consequence of the extreme misery has reduced that number to little more than a million.

These are chiefly Tartars and Chinese, with whom must be reckoned about ten thousand Mussulmans, and a considerable sprinkling of Mongols and Tibetians, who form the floating population.

The Tartar city is enclosed with a fortified wall, forty to fifty feet wide, and the same in height, and faced with brick. At intervals of every two hundred yards there is a projecting tower, and at each corner an enormous bastion, which forms a guard-room, the whole affording a magnificent promenade fifteen miles in length. Such is the defence within which the Emperor, "the son of heaven," resides.

Within the Tartar city lies the Yellow town, covering an area of 1,500 acres, and entered by eight gateways. Its chief points of interest are an enormous pyramid of coal three hundred feet high; a handsome canal, called the "Central Sea," spanned by a marble bridge; two convents for bonzes; a pagoda for examinations; the Pei-tha-se, a religious establishment built upon a peninsula that overhangs the clear waters of the canal; the Peh-Tang, the quarters of the Catholic missionaries; the Imperial pagoda, with its sonorous bells and bright blue tiles; the great temple dedicated to the ancestors of the

reigning dynasty; the temple of Spirits; the temple of the Genius of the Winds; the temple of the Genius of the Thunderbolt; the temple of the Discoverer of Silk; the temple of the Ruler of Heaven; the five pavilions of the dragons; and the monastery of Eternal Rest.

In the heart of the Yellow town lies what is known as the Forbidden town. This covers an area of one hundred and eighty acres, and is surrounded by a moat, crossed by seven marble bridges.

It is almost needless to say that, as the reigning dynasty is of Manchow origin, the whole of this quarter of Peking is mainly inhabited by people of the same race, the Chinese being confined to their own town on the other side of the ramparts.

The Forbidden city is surrounded by red brick walls crowned with yellow tiles. It is entered by the Gate of Great Purity, which is only opened for an emperor or empress. Within are the temple of the ancestors of the Tartar dynasty, with a double roof of variegated tiles; Che and Tsi, the temples consecrated to spirits celestial and terrestrial; the Palace of Sovereign Concord, reserved for State ceremonies and official banquets; the Palace of Intermediate Concord, where may be seen the genealogical tables of the "Son of Heaven,"

and the Palace of Protecting Concord, of which the central hall is occupied by the Imperial throne. Then there is the pavilion of Nei-ko, where the great council of the empire is held, under the presidency of Prince Kong, the minister of foreign affairs and uncle to the late sovereign; * the pavilion of the Flowers of

Literature, whither the Emperor repairs once a year to interpret the sacred books; the pavilion of Teehooan-Sin-Tien, where sacrifices are offered in honour of Confucius; the Imperial library; the offices of historians; the Voo-Igne-Tien, where the wooden and copper plates used for printing are carefully preserved; and the workshops where the Court garments are concocted. Then might be seen the Palace of Celestial Purity, used for the discussion of family affairs; the Palace of the Terrestrial Element, where the young Empress was installed; the Palace

of Meditation, to which the sovereign retires when he is ill; the three palaces where the Emperor's children are brought up; the four palaces reserved for the widow and Court ladies of Hien-Fong, who died in 1861; the Tchou-Sicou-Kong, the residence of the Emperor's wives; the Palace of Proffered Favours, where the Court ladies hold their official receptions; the Palace of General Tranquillity, a strange name to be applied to a school for the children of the superior officers; the Palace of Purification and Fasting; and the Palace of the Purity of Jade, occupied by the princes of the blood-royal.

There were the temples dedicated to departed ancestors, to the presiding deity of the town, and another of Thibetian architecture. There were the Imperial

stores and offices; the Lao-Kong-Choo, the residence of the eunuchs, of which there are no less than five thousand in the Red town; and many other palaces besides, making a total of forty-eight within the Imperial enclosure, not including the Tzen-Kooang-Ko, the Pavilion of Purple Light, on the borders of the lake of the Yellow town, where, on June 19th, 1873, the Ambassadors of England, Russia, Prussia, Holland, and the United States were admitted into the presence of the Emperor. The Wan-Cheoo-Chan, too, should not be omitted from the summary. This is the Summer Palace, and is situated about five miles from Peking. It was destroyed in 1860, and among its ruins the garden of Calm and Perfect Light, the mound of the Source of Jade, and the



CHINESE PRAYING-MILL.

* An anecdote of Prince Kong, related by M. T. Choutzé in his work entitled "Peking and the North of China," is worth repeating. "In 1870, the year when France was being ravaged by a bloody war, Prince Kong had occasion to visit all the foreign diplomatic representatives in China. By the Comte de Rochechouart, the French ambassador, he was informed of the disaster of Sedan, the news of which had just been received. Calling one of the officers of his suite, Prince Kong told him to take his card to the Prussian Embassy, and to say that he would not call until the following day; then, turning to the Comte de Rochechouart, he said, 'I cannot congratulate the representative of Prussia on the same day that I am offering my condolences to the representative of France.'"

hill of Ten Thousand Lives, can hardly be discerned.

Never did an ancient town exhibit an agglomerate of buildings with forms so varied, and contents so rare; never has any European capital been able to boast a nomenclature so strangely fantastic.

In the Tartar city around the Yellow town are the English, French, and Russian Embassies, the Hospital of the London Mission, the Catholic Mission-houses, and the old stables for the elephants, the sole surviving representative of which is a hundred years old, and blind with one eye. Besides these there is the clock-tower, its red roof edged with green tiles; the temple of Confucius; the convent of the Thousand Lamas; the temple of Fa-quai; the old Observatory, with its great square tower; the yamen of the Jesuits, and that of the Literates, where the examinations are held. On the east and west are triumphal arches; and two canals, called the Sea of the North and the Sea of Reeds, carpeted with blue water-lilies, flow down from the Summer Palace, and join the great canal in the town. Here, too, are more palaces appropriated to the ministers of finance, ceremonies, war, public works, and foreign affairs; and there is also a court of accounts, an astronomical tribunal, and an academy of medicine. The place is a strange medley of poverty and grandeur. On either hand of the narrow streets are lines of houses of the most meagre and miserable description, broken here and there by the stately mansion of some high dignitary, shaded by tall and handsome trees. The streets themselves are intolerably dusty in the summer, whilst in the winter they are little better than running streams. The thoroughfares are constantly crowded with stray dogs, Mongolian camels laden with coals, palanquins with four or eight bearers, according to the rank of the occupant, chairs, mule-carts, and carriages. The beggars are estimated by M. Choutzé as over 70,000 in number, and M. P. Arène has given his testimony that in parts of the foul and muddy streets the puddles are so deep, that it is not at all a rare occurrence for a blind vagrant to be drowned in them.

The Chinese town, or Vai-Cheng, as it is called, in some respects resembles the Tartar portion of Peking. The two most famous temples are those dedicated to heaven and to agriculture, which occupy the southern district of the town, and to these may be added the temples of the Goddess Koanine, of the Genius of the World, of Purification, of the Black Dragon, and of the Spirits of Heaven and Earth. Other points of interest are the ponds of the Gold Fish, the monastery of Fayooan-Se, and the markets and theatres.

One great artery, called the Grand Avenue, runs through the town from north to south, from the Tien gateway to that of Hoong-Ting. Crossing it at right angles is another still longer street, running from the Cha-Cooa gateway on the east to the Cooan-Tsu gateway on the west. This is the Cha-Cooa Avenue, and about a hundred yards from its intersection with the Grand Avenue was the residence of the lady whom Kin-Fo hoped to make his wife.

It will be remembered that a few days after the arrival of the letter announcing his first reverse of fortune the young widow had received another informing her that affairs had changed, and that the seventh moon would not pass away before her "beloved elder brother" should have returned to her. Since that date—the 17th of May—she had

never received another word. Several times she had written to Shang-Hai, but Kin-Fo was absent on his madcap journey, and of course her letter remained unanswered. Her uneasiness may be more easily imagined than described when the 19th of June arrived, and still no news. All through those long weary days La-oo had never left her house; her anxiety became more and more intense, and old mother Nan, who seemed to grow if possible more disagreeable than ever, was not at all a cheering companion for her solitude.

Although the religion of Lao-Tse is the oldest religion in China—having been promulgated five hundred years before the Christian era—and although that of Confucius, almost contemporary with it, is professed by the Emperor, the literates, and the chief mandarins, yet Buddhism, or the religion of Fo, attracts the largest number of believers. Its votaries in China and elsewhere form the largest religious body in the world, and number as many as 300,000,000 people.

The Buddhists are divided into two distinct sects—the one served by bonzes, who wear grey robes and red caps, the other by lamas, who are clad from head to foot in yellow.

La-oo was a Buddhist of the former sect, and consequently a frequent visitor to the temple of Koan-Ti-Miao, dedicated to the goddess Koanine. There, prostrate on the temple floor, she would burn her offerings of little perfumed sticks, and pour forth her supplications for her lover's welfare.

To-day she had a kind of presentiment that some danger was pending over him, and accordingly determined to go and intercede with the goddess in his behalf. Summoning mother Nan, she ordered her to call a sedan-chair from the corner of the Grand Avenue. The old woman made no reply, but with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders shuffled away to obey her mistress's commands.

While she was gone, the young widow cast a melancholy glance at the photograph, now for so many days silent and unused.

"At any rate," she said to herself, "he shall know that I have never forgotten him; my thoughts shall be registered to repeat to him on his return."

And setting the cylinder in motion, La-oo uttered aloud the most tender and loving phrases that her heart could dictate. Her monologue was interrupted by Nan, who, entering abruptly, announced that the chair was at the door, at the same time taking occasion to add that she should have thought that her mistress would have been better at home.

Her remonstrance had no effect; La-oo left her to grumble by herself, and taking her seat in the sedan, ordered the bearers to take her to the Koan-Ti-Miao.

The way to the temple was direct enough, being only straight up the Grand Avenue as far as the Tien gateway, but the progress thither was a matter of no small difficulty. It was the most populous part of the capital, and this was just the busiest time of the day. The noise and bustle were immense, and the booths of the itinerant dealers who lined the road gave the avenue the aspect of being one great fair. Public orators, readers, fortune-tellers, photographers, and caricaturists, who ridiculed the mandarins, all joined their voices to the general hubbub. At one time a pompous funeral sorely impeded the traffic; at another a wedding procession, not so gay as the funeral, perhaps, but causing a similar block

in the street. A crowd would be assembled before some magistrate's yamen, where a suppliant was beating the drum as the signal that he was demanding the intervention of justice. On the "Leo-Ping" stone a criminal was kneeling ready for the bastinado, closely guarded by policemen with their Manchow caps with red tassels, carrying their short pike and a couple of sabres all in the same sheath. Farther on might be seen some refractory Chinamen on their way to chastisement tied together by their pigtails. Farther on, again, a poor wretch was hobbling along with his left hand and right foot thrust through two holes bored in a plank; then was seen a thief, confined in a wooden box, from which only his head protruded, an object for public charity, and after him would come some other criminals, yoked together by the cangue like so many oxen.

All these resorted to the more crowded thoroughfares in the hope of gaining a harvest from the passers-by, to the disadvantage of the regular mendicants of all sorts, maimed, lame, paralytic, and blind, or with a thousand other infirmities, either real or pretended, who infest the cities of the Empire of Flowers.

The sedan-chair advanced but slowly, the traffic rather increasing than diminishing, as it approached the outer rampart. At last the bearers stopped within a bastion that defended the gateway close to the temple of Koanine. La-oo alighted and entered the temple. She first knelt, and then prostrated herself before the statue of the goddess. Then rising she made her way to an apparatus that was known as a "praying-mill." It was a kind of windlass with eight branches, each bearing a scroll inscribed with sacred sentences. A bonze was in attendance, ready to superintend the devotions and receive the offerings of believers. La-oo handed the minister of Buddha several taels, and placing her left hand on her heart, began to turn the handle of the machine gently with her right. Probably she did not work hard enough for her prayers to be successful, for the bonze, with an encouraging look, said, "Faster! faster!"

La-oo wound on for nearly a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the bonze informed her that her supplications had been favourably received. After prostrating herself again before the image of the goddess, she left the temple, and, re-entering her chair, prepared to return home.

But just as she turned into the Grand Avenue, her bearers were roughly pushed aside. The soldiers were clearing the streets with brutal violence, the shops were all being closed by order, and the side streets were being barricaded with blue hangings under the superintendence of tipaas.

A procession had already entered the avenue. The Emperor Koang-Sin, or as his name signifies, the "Continuation of glory," was on his way back to his Tartar city, and the central gate was to be opened to admit him. Two mounted police headed the *cortège*, followed in the first place by a troop of pioneers, then by a troop of pike-bearers with staves in their shoulder-belts. Next came a group of officers of high rank carrying a great yellow umbrella, ornamented with the figure of a dragon, which is the Emperor's emblem, the phoenix being that of the Empress. These were immediately followed by the palanquin borne by sixteen bearers in red robes embroidered with white roses, and waistcoats of twilled silk. The princes of the blood and other dignitaries formed an escort to the Imperial carriage,

all of them being mounted on horses with trappings of yellow silk as the sign of their exalted rank. The hangings of the palanquin, also of yellow silk, were slightly raised, exhibiting, in a half-recumbent posture, the "Son of Heaven" himself, the cousin of the late Emperor Tong-Tche, the nephew of Prince Kong. A number of extra grooms and bearers brought up the rear of the procession, which soon disappeared through the Tien gateway, much to the relief of the various merchants, beggars, and others, whose business had been so unceremoniously interrupted by its passage.

La-oo's chair was now able to proceed, and ultimately deposited her safely at the door of her own house, from which she had been absent about two hours. What a surprise the goddess Koanine had prepared for her!

Just as she alighted, a carriage covered in dust, and drawn by two mules, drew up at the door, and Kin-Fo, followed by Craig, Fry, and Soon, stepped out.

"You, Kin-Fo! is it you? Can I believe my eyes?" exclaimed La-oo.

"It is I, my beloved little sister: did you think I was never coming!" Kin-Fo replied.

La-oo said nothing, but taking him by the hand, led him alone into her boudoir, up to the little phonograph, which had been the secret receptacle of all her troubles.

"Listen," she said, "and you shall hear that I have never ceased to think of you."

As she spoke, she touched the spring and set the cylinder in motion. Kin-Fo heard the sound of a gentle voice repeating the words which La-oo had uttered a short time previously.

"Come back, beloved brother, come back to me! Let our hearts be united as the twin stars of the Shepherd and the Lyre. My thoughts are ever fixed on thy return."

For an instant the instrument was silent, but only for an instant. Almost immediately its sounds were heard again, this time in shrill and quavering tones:—

"As if a mistress were not bad enough in a house, I am to have a master too. Prince Ien strangle them both!"

The explanation was easy to find. Old Nan had continued her grumbling after La-oo's departure, little dreaming that the instrument, still in motion, was registering her unwary words.

Men-servants and maid-servants, beware of phonographs! That very day Nan received notice to quit, nor was the seventh moon allowed to expire before she was forced to turn her back upon the house.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE MARSEILLAISE.

AN Englishman arrived at Paris some days before the revolution of July, 1830. He very eagerly sought to inspect the interior court of the Palais Royal, where the prince, Louis Philippe of Orleans, was receiving deputations that came to him from all parts of the country, villagers with the mayor and drummer at their head, brave fellows well furnished with addresses and often excited by the fatigues of the road and the heat of the day.

The Englishman, on arriving, asked if Louis Philippe had made his appearance.

"Certainly," they answered him, "he is just retired."

"Ah! I am very sorry for that," he said. "I am come to Paris to see him."

"Never mind," said one near him, "I will show him to you." So he shouted out, "Vive Louis Philippe! Vive la Charte!" and the multitude cried out the same.

A window opened over a balcony, the prince appeared, humbly saluted the crowd, and retired.

"Ah! I am very glad indeed," said the Englishman; "but I have heard some say that one might see him with the tricoloured flag, and surrounded by his family."

"That is very easy," said the other; "give me some sous, and he will come forth."

"Indeed! Here are some with great pleasure," said the Englishman, handing a franc to his neighbour.

Immediately a voice raised the couplet, which a thousand voices immediately repeated,

"Soldier, with the tricolour flag,
Who from Orleans bearest it," etc.

And the couplet did not cease to be heard before the prince, surrounded by his family and holding the three-coloured flag, came forth to salute the crowd.

There was silence for a short time. Then the complainant neighbour, turning towards the ear of the Englishman, said, "Now shall I make him sing? As it is rather a difficult matter, you will have to give me ten francs."

"I will do so willingly," said the Englishman, assured by the success of the former engagements.

Then the man, with his ten francs, exerted himself and shouted with others around him so eagerly and lustily, "Vive le roi! Vive la Charte! la Marseillaise!" that at the end of twenty minutes Louis Philippe presented himself again before a large crowd exulting with impatience and joy.

The Marseillaise was lustily raised by the crowd. The new king was about to retire from the balcony, but stopped in the midst of the applause, and sang with the people, marking time with his feet.

The story relates that the king-exhibitor, addressing the Englishman, said to him, "Now if you will give me one hundred francs he shall dance." But the other, thinking that the show had gone far enough, went away.

Some may think that this anecdote comes from a suspicious source. It is taken word for word from the contemporary history of C. A. Daubin, a work in use among students of philosophy. It appeared to the learned professor to be so characteristic that he thought it worth relating, although at first sight it appeared to him unworthy of the gravity of history.

FLOATING IRON COFFINS.

THE extraordinary exertions of Mr. Plimsoll secured for a time some attention to the terrible loss of human life from unseaworthy ships. But other subjects have caused the agitation on behalf of our seamen to be almost forgotten, the national interest being seldom able to be occupied with more than one question. Amidst the strife of political

parties and the absorbing claims of national and international events, less exciting topics of social and personal concern receive little public notice. Attention has again, however, been directed to the state of our mercantile navy, and the question is renewed as to the needless sacrifice of life in the pursuit of commercial gain. A recent article in the "Engineer" describes those iron cargo ships which have been called "floating coffins."

"Within the last twelve months a very considerable number of cargo steamers has been lost, sometimes with all hands. We could name half a dozen steamers which have disappeared in the Atlantic and left not a trace behind. These vessels have undoubtedly gone down with all hands. As a rule—to which there are of course exceptions—cargo steamers are very bad sea boats. They are long, narrow, deep in the waist, and wall-sided. They are exceedingly 'tender,' to use a sailor's phrase; in other words, easily overset. They are for the most part well built, with good plates and beams, and angle irons, and are strong enough. We never heard of one breaking in two; nor do they leak, for leaky ships ruin their cargoes, and the owners cannot get freights for them. Their defects are not in workmanship or material, but in shape. Any one can lay down the lines for a cargo boat; the only thing necessary is that she shall be of the largest possible carrying capacity. As a result, we have narrow, flat-sided, flat-bottomed, wrought-iron boxes instead of ships. Craft which will not steer well; which cannot sail; which cannot ride safely head to sea, because instead of lifting to the waves they bore through them; ships which cannot run before a gale, because they have not engine power enough to keep out of the way of following seas which may poop them at any moment; and, lastly, they are awful rollers. We exaggerate in no way when we say that in heavy weather what are considered by comparison very good boats indeed will roll their bridge-rails under water, taking in the while sea after sea on either side alternately, which seas flood their low waists, and, unless discharged, swamp the ship.

"This is no fancy sketch, no exaggerated picture. Every north-country captain, every chief officer who has sailed in a cargo boat, will confirm our statements to the letter; and let it not be supposed that what we say concerns only small craft. The average north-country steamer carries some two thousand tons of cargo; some of them bring as much as three thousand tons of wheat from the Black Sea or the Baltic.

"The old-fashioned sailing ships were far more seaworthy and safer in a gale than the modern iron steamer. Unless the sailing ship was stiff she could not stand up under her canvas; and unless she steered well she could not be handled. Such vessels rolled but little. Practically they were safe from being upset. They were, in the proper sense of the word, ships constructed in consonance with approved rules of naval architecture. But the builders of cargo boats care nothing at all about designing ships. They construct iron boxes almost by the mile. The first consideration is that they shall hold a great deal; the last that they shall be safe and seaworthy.

"Nor are the builders to blame. They supply what the owners ask for, and these gentlemen secure themselves, by insuring heavily, and the insurance is divided among so many underwriters that no individual retains sufficient interest in the matter to make him insist that craft possessing some of the qualities

of a real ship shall be sent into the Atlantic or the Bay of Biscay in winter. The remedy for all this is easily enough found. If owners would enforce on shipbuilders the necessity that the craft which they build shall be seaworthy, the shipbuilders would be but too happy to supply what was wanted. Something no doubt would be lost; tonnage dues would have to be paid for some space not occupied by cargo, and in some other respects losses would be incurred. But, on the other hand, engineers would have a better chance of giving speed as well as economy; the duration of voyages would be reduced, and thus most important advantages would be gained. Furthermore, it is evident that if the safety of ships were augmented, the profits of those concerned in their safety ought to increase. The first cost of a really good sea boat is not greater than that of, to use a sailor's phrase, a 'floating coffin.' The working expenses of the former may, however, bear a higher proportion to the receipts than will be the case with the latter; but the former may, and probably will, enjoy a long life, while the latter may, and probably will, founder in the first really heavy gale she encounters. As a mere matter of worldly prudence the first ship is a better investment than the last, if only shipowners could be made to see it."

Varieties.

"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

The authorship of these vigorous verses undoubtedly belongs to Dr. Norman Macleod. They were first made public by him in a lecture delivered at Exeter Hall to the Young Men's Christian Association, and were afterwards set to music by Charles Sullivan, and published in "Good Words" (1872, p. 27). By an unfortunate mistake the lines, quoted from an imperfect American version, in "Leisure Hour" (1879, p. 672), were ascribed to Dean Alford. We give the poem in full as it originally appeared:—

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."
Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Shun all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Simple rule and safest guiding—
Inward peace and shining light—
Star upon our path abiding—
"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

THE COLD OF DECEMBER, 1879.—The mean temperature of last December at the Royal Observatory was 32.4°, or nearly eight degrees below the average of thirty-seven years. This was the coldest December recorded in London since that of 1796. The nearest approach to this low temperature occurred in 1846. The coldest day in the month (and may we venture to add in the winter too?) was earlier than usual, namely December 7th, on which day the mean temperature was 23.1°. The coldest day of the previous winter did not come until Christmas-eve, when the mean temperature was 20.8°. But neither of these days was anything like so severe as was the 4th January, 1867, with a mean temperature at the Royal Observatory of only 13.2°. This frost was rendered memorable by the deplorable catastrophe which occurred a few days later, on the thawing of the ice on the Serpentine. Only three colder days are stated to have occurred back to 1814, namely, February 9th, 1816, when the mean temperature was 12.6°; January 20th, 1838, with a mean temperature of 10.7°; and January 8th, 1841, with a temperature of 12.8°. Thus the coldest day in London during the past sixty-seven years was the 20th January, 1838, shortly after the old Royal Exchange was consumed by fire. So tremendous was the frost that one amongst the many novel effects which it produced was the formation of huge icicles by the water which the fire-engines played upon the burning structure.

Stoke Newington.

H. COURTENAY FOX, M.R.C.S.

GOATS.—An association has been formed, called "The British Goat Society," for encouraging a greater attention to this useful animal. At the last Royal Agricultural Show prizes were given for several classes of goats then exhibited. In Wales and in Ireland the cotters keep milch goats far more than in England. By improving the breed the milking capabilities could be greatly increased. The medicinal value of goat's milk is well known, but the supply is inadequate. The price in London is seldom less than half-a-crown a quart. When a labourer cannot afford to keep a cow a goat may often be within his means.

GLASGOW HERALD.—In one single week the average number of types set up for the "Glasgow Herald," "Weekly Herald," and "Evening Times," amounts to over seven millions, and when the redistribution of these is included in the estimate, it follows that the types are handled more than fourteen million times every week. For the "Herald" alone the quantity set up per day is equal to that of a three-volume novel. The paper used in one day from the web for printing the "Herald" would reach from Glasgow to Edinburgh; whilst a week's supply for the office would cover the distance between Glasgow and London. Then the printing is performed with such rapidity by three Hoe web printing and folding machines, that, for example, 75,000 copies of the "Evening Times" are produced per hour, or at the speed of above thirty miles an hour in stretch of paper.—*Glasgow Herald.*

MORTALITY AMONG QUAKERS.—There is published every year in the "Annual Monitor" a register of the names and ages of the members of the Society of Friends whose deaths have occurred during the preceding year. During the past year there have occurred the deaths of 321 members of the society—187 males and 134 females. This death-rate is, according to the number of members in Great Britain and Ireland, very considerably below the general average, and an analysis of the ages of the deceased members shows that this result is very largely contributed to by the small infantile mortality. It appears that there were only 13 deaths out of the 321 which were those of infants under one year; while the total number of deaths of children under the age of five years was only 27—a fact in marked difference with the infantile mortality among the general population. Between 5 and 10 years of age there were only 2 deaths of Quakers; from 10 to 20, 12; from 20 to 30 there were 9; from 30 to 40 the number was 15. From 40 to 50 there were 22 deaths; from 50 to 60 the number rose to 28; and again, from 60 to 70, to 56; while between 70 and 80 the highest ratio in any decade was witnessed, the number being 82. Between 80 and 90, out of the 321 deaths, there were no fewer than 63, a very large proportion; while at and over 90 there were five deaths recorded. The proportion of deaths at advanced ages is in conformity with the general experience shown by past issues of this record; but the total number of deaths recorded is in excess of that for several recent years. It is doubtful as to the exact causes of the low mortality among Quakers, but the facts are sufficiently curious to deserve consideration. With regard to adults, something may be due to the quiet, orderly, and temperate lives of most Friends. The small mortality among infants and children may be accounted for by the fact that the majority of Friends are of the well-to-do classes, with comparatively few poor families.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTATION, BIRTHDAY GIFTS, SCHOOL PRIZES, Etc.

4s. each.

Bede's Charity. By HESBA STRETTON, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc. With Engravings by Edward Whymper. Crown 8vo. Bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

Worthies of Science. Biographical Sketches of Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Descartes, Pascal, Barrow, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Dalton, Faraday, and others. By the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON. Crown 8vo.

"Written for unscientific readers, and in a clear and easy style, so that the book will be an acceptable as well as a useful present."—*Guardian*.

Family Readings on the Gospel according to St. John. For Daily Use in Christian Households. By Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Crown 8vo.

Sunday Evenings at Northcourt. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Imperial 16mo. Engravings. Extra cloth, gilt edges.

The Chronicles of an Old Manor House. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. With Engravings. Imperial 16mo. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

Tales of Three Centuries.—I. A Huguenot Family. II. The Pilgrim Fathers. III. The Desert; or, the Church under the Cross. Authorised Translation from the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. Three Stories in one volume. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

"The stories are told with both vivacity and pathos, and there is a well-contrived admixture of personal interest and historical fact."—*Spectator*.

Boy and Man: A Story for Old and Young. With numerous Illustrations by French. Imperial 16mo. Bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

"May be read with advantage by those who have reached mature years as well as by those who are just beginning to enter upon life's race."—*Literary World*.

Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, author of "Just as I am." With a Memoir by her SISTER. Finely printed, with Autotype Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

Leaves from the Unpublished Journals, Correspondence, and Poems of Charlotte Elliott. Uniform with "Poems of Charlotte Elliott." With Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

Chapters on Every-day Things; or, Histories and Marvels in Common Life. Profusely Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

"Just the thing to put into the hands of inquiring young people who want to know all about everything—well fitted to direct, to stimulate, and to satisfy curiosity."—*Literary World*.

Bible Pictures for our Pets. With large Illustrations by well-known Artists. Each part complete in itself. Part I. OLD TESTAMENT PICTURES. Part II. NEW TESTAMENT PICTURES. In ornamented boards, with cloth backs, 2s. each part. Complete in one volume, handsomely bound, with Coloured Design on side, 4s.

3s. 6d. each.

Life of the Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg. By the Rev. C. M. BIRRELL. New and Revised Edition, with numerous Engravings.

Leofwine the Monk; or, The Curse of the Ericsons. A Tale of a Saxon Family. By the Author of "Glaucia, the Greek Slave," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt.

Janet Darney's Story. A Tale of Fisher Life in Chale Bay. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Illustrated by J. Mahoney. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges.

Was I Right? By Mrs. O. F. WALTON, author of "A Peep behind the Scenes," "Christie's Old Organ," etc. With Fine Engravings. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

A Peep behind the Scenes. By Mrs. O. F. WALTON, author of "Little Dot," etc. Cloth, gilt edges.

My Schoolfellow, Val Bownser; or, Sunshine after Storm. By the Author of "Tales of Heroes and Great Men of Old," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges.

3s. each.

Seventeen Years in the Yoruba Country: Memorials of Anna Hinderer, wife of the Rev. David Hinderer, Missionary in West Africa. With an Introduction by RICHARD B. HONE, M.A., Archdeacon of Worcester. New Edition. Crown 8vo. With Steel Portrait and Wood Engravings. Cloth boards.

"A book that should rank among the Classics of Missionary enterprise."—*Christian World*.

True Tales about India: its Native Princes and British Rulers. By S. J. BALLARD, of Mangalore. Maps and numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards.

"A pleasant little volume, written in a style which will secure the prompt attention of young readers."—*Rock*.

Karl Krapp's Little Maidens and their Good Gift. By the Author of "Harry's Perplexity, and What came of It," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges.

Once upon a Time; or, The Boy's Book of Adventures. With Illustrations. Cloth boards.

The Kingdom and the People; or, The Parables of Our Lord Jesus Christ Explained and Applied. By MARY SEELEY. Crown 8vo. Bevelled boards, red edges.

"A clear exposition of the Parables, very happily illustrated by scenes drawn from history as well as from modern life."—*Nonconformist*.

2s. 6d. each.

The Greatness of Little Things. By the Rev. J. CULROSS, D.D. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

The Christian Home. By the Rev. Canon GARBETT, M.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

Doubts and Certainties. A Story of Today. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

Boys will be Boys. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

An Old Sailor's Story. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

Old Anthony's Secret, and other Stories. By SARAH DOUDNEY. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. Cloth boards.

Which wins the Prize? or, The Cousins. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

Father's Motto; or, The Cloud with a Silver Lining, and other Stories. Illustrated. Cloth boards.

The Moth and the Candle; or, Lucy Woodville's Temptation. With Engravings. Cloth boards.

The Poor Clerk and the Crooked Sixpence. By GEO. E. SARGENT. With Illustrations.

BOOKS FOR PRESENTATION, BIRTHDAY GIFTS, SCHOOL PRIZES, Etc.

2s. each.

By HESBA STRETTON, author of "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

Each with Engravings.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>A Thorny Path. With Illustrations by French. Crown 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>The Fishers of Derby Haven. New Edition in crown 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>Pilgrim Street: a Story of Manchester Life. New Edition in crown 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>Mrs. Burton's Best Bedroom, and other Readings for Working Men's Homes. With Coloured Frontispiece, and upwards of One Hundred large Engravings by eminent artists.</p> <p>The Day after To-morrow. By Mrs. PROSSER. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo.</p> <p>City Sparrows, and who cared for them. By RUTH LYNN. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>The Grafton Family, and other Tales. By G. E. SARGENT. Crown 8vo, cloth boards.</p> | <p>The Children of Cloverley. New Edition in crown 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>Fern's Hollow. New Edition in crown 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>The Nearest Neighbour, and other Stories. By FRANCES BROWN. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo.</p> <p>Little Ben Hadden; or, Do Right whatever comes of it. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Engravings.</p> <p>The Home Circle: a Record of Births, Marriages, and Deaths. With a Daily Register for Names. Handsomely printed in Colours. Cloth boards.</p> <p>Little Wavie, the Foundling of Glenderg. By CRONA TEMPLE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards.</p> |
|--|--|

1s. 6d. each.

Each with Engravings, and bound in cloth boards.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Home Workers for Foreign Missions. By Miss E. J. WHATELY. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards.</p> <p>Finette, the Norman Girl, and her English Friends. By M. E. ROPES.</p> <p>Lea's Playground. By the Author of "Willie Smith's Money-Box," etc.</p> <p>The Boys of Highfield; or, The Hero of Chancery House.</p> | <p>Saved at Sea: A Lighthouse Story. By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. With many Engravings. Royal 16mo, cloth boards.</p> <p>Rides Out and About; or, The Adventures of an Australian School Inspector.</p> <p>Quality Fogg's Old Ledger. By Mrs. PROSSER, author of "Original Fables," etc.</p> <p>The Cottage on the Shore. By the Author of "Deepdale End," etc.</p> |
|--|--|

By HESBA STRETTON, author of "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

Each with Engravings, royal 16mo., 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Little Meg's Children.</p> <p>Alone in London.</p> <p>Max Kromer. A Story of the Siege of Strasburg.</p> <p>Lost Gip.</p> <p>The Crew of the Dolphin.</p> <p>The King's Servants.</p> | <p>The Storm of Life.</p> <p>Cassy.</p> <p>Friends till Death, The Worth of a Baby, and How Apple-Tree Court was Won.</p> <p>Michael Lorio's Cross, Left Alone, and A Night and a Day.</p> |
|--|--|

1s. each.

NEW SERIES OF SHILLING LARGE-TYPE BOOKS FOR ADULTS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Ben Boyce, the Beachman, and other Nautical Sketches. 2. My Scarlet Shawl; or, Out of Debt out of Danger, and other Stories. 3. The Pedlar of Copthorne Common. By Mrs. FREDERICK LOCKER. 4. The Cornish Fishermen's Watch-night, and other Stories. 5. The Light on the Wall, and other Stories. By Mrs. PROSSER, author of "The Sale of Callowfields," etc. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The Oldest Fisherman in the World, and other Stories. 7. Waste not, Want not. 8. Frog Alley, and what came out of it. 9. The Boundary Tree; or, The Two Farmers. 10. The Broken Clothes-line, and other Stories. 11. A Story of Crossport, and other Tales. 12. The Hedger's Right Arm, and other Stories. |
|--|---|

Others in preparation.

SHILLING VOLUMES FOR THE YOUNG.

A Series of upwards of 100 Volumes, each complete in itself, and well Illustrated.

For titles of this series, and list of books from 1d. to 1s., see *The Society's General Catalogue*, which will be sent gratis on application.

IMPORTANT TO LECTURERS.

COLOURED DIAGRAMS AND PICTURES.

The following Diagrams are printed on strong cloth, size 3ft. by 4ft. each, and are specially adapted for use in Lecture Halls, School Rooms, Mission Rooms, etc. They are boldly printed and appropriately coloured, so as to be clearly seen at a distance, and they can be conveniently rolled or folded for carrying from place to place. Detailed Lists may be had on application.

TITLES OF SERIES.

PRICE OF SET.

The Solar System, Eclipses, Comets, etc.	18	Diagrams	£2 14 0
Remarkable Constellations	5	"	0 15 0
The Clusters and Nebulae	6	"	0 18 0
Physiology in Relation to Health	10	"	1 10 0
Eastern Habitations	10	"	1 10 0
Domestic Arrangements in the East	10	"	1 10 0
Fulfilled Prophecy	13	"	1 19 0
The Seven Churches in Asia	8	"	1 4 0
The Tabernacle of the Israelites	9	"	1 7 0
The Cities of Palestine	12	"	1 16 0
Mountains of the Bible	9	"	1 7 0
Types of the Bible	8	"	1 4 0
Travels of the Apostle Paul	20	"	3 0 0
Paganism	6	"	0 18 0
The Catacombs at Rome	21	"	3 3 0
The Human Eye and Telescope	6	"	0 18 0
The Microscope	6	"	0 18 0
Life in Australia	10	"	1 10 0
Progress of the Art of Travelling	12	"	1 16 0
The Mechanical Powers	3	"	0 9 0
The Steam Engine	9	"	1 7 0
The Remains of Nineveh	20	"	3 0 0
The Literary History of the Bible	15	"	2 5 0
The Book and its Missions	15	"	2 5 0
The Reformation in England	10	"	1 10 0
The Monuments of Egypt	14	"	2 2 0
The Remains of Pompeii	10	"	1 10 0
Hindoostan and the Hindoos	28	"	4 4 0

TITLES OF SERIES.

PRICE OF SET.

China and the Chinese	12	Diagrams	£1 16 0
Travels and Discoveries of Dr. Livingstone	14	"	2 2 0
Britain under the Romans	10	"	1 10 0
The Druids and Druidism	6	"	0 18 0
Geology	15	"	2 5 0
Volcanoes	7	"	1 1 0
Natural History	15	"	2 5 0
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress	20	"	3 0 0
Ethnology	5	"	0 15 0
New Zealand and the New Zealanders	12	"	1 16 0
Egypt and the Bible	12	"	1 16 0
Coal Mining	10	"	1 10 0
Life and Ministry of our Lord. 3 sets of 6 each, in all... ..	18	"	2 14 0
The Wanderings of the Israelites. Limited set	10	"	1 10 0
" Extended	29	"	4 7 0
The North-American Indians	12	"	1 16 0
Burmah	8	"	1 4 0
Physiology—The Human Foot	5	"	0 15 0
Critical History of the Text and Versions of Holy Scripture	7	"	1 1 0
Story of Pitcairn's Island	8	"	1 4 0
Biblical Archaeology	12	"	1 16 0
The Arctic Expedition	12	"	1 16 0
The Melanesian Mission	5	"	0 15 0
Map of the World	"	0 15 0
Map of Palestine, 6s.; and Panoramic View of Jerusalem, 12s.			

FRAMES FOR HANGING DIAGRAMS, 3s. EACH.

EYELETS ADDED TO DIAGRAMS TO ORDER, FROM 6d. UPWARDS PER SET OF DIAGRAMS, ACCORDING TO NUMBER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY, 1880.

IN FORWARD PREPARATION.

A SERIES OF LARGE COLOURED DIAGRAMS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

The Sunday School Catalogue may be had, post free, on application.

The Illustrated Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

The APRIL PART is now ready, containing—

The Young Refugee. By ANNE BEALE. (*Illustrated.*)

The Sleeping Apostle. By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., of Manchester.

Crossing the Threshold. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

Horæ Petrinæ. By the Dean of CHESTER. III. Early Training in Galilee.

Incidents of a Journey Round the World. By the Rev. W. URWICK, M.A. VII. Salt Lake City. VIII. The Yosemite Valley. (*Illustrated.*)

Bible Emblems and Oriental Proverbs.

"Beginning at the Wrong End." A Pastor's Sketch.

Cousin Mabel's Experiences. Gathering up Fragments. By Miss E. J. WHATELY.

Pat Macdonogh, of the 87th Regiment, or Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Goldfish versus Mosquitoes. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

The Supernatural in Nature.

The Pulpit, Ancient and Modern. By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. IV. The Throne of Eloquence.

Illustrated Letters from Palestine to my Children. By HENRY A. HARPER. V. Stoning. VI. The Unequal Yoke. (*Illustrated.*)

Sabbath Thoughts.

Poetry:—Grandmother's Birthday.—Voice by the Way.—The Silent Land.—Sabbath Bells.

Pages for the Young:—The Blessed Palm. By CROWLEY. Temple—The Lost Bible; or, The Value of a Book-Marker.

Scripture Exercises.

Monthly Religious Record.

WITH A TONED PAPER FRONTISPIECE—

THE FIRST MARCH OF THE ISRAELITES.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

5s. each.

A Yacht Voyage round England. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

The Prism; or, Tales from Three Countries. By Members of the WHATELY Family. Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

4s. each.

Boy and Man. A Story for Old and Young. With Illustrations. Bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

Tales of Three Centuries. From the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT. With Illustrations. Three Stories in One Volume. Cloth gilt.

Chapters on Every-day Things; or, Histories and Marvels in Common Life. Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

3s. 6d. each.

My Schoolfellow, Val Bownser; or, Sunshine after Storm. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt.

Was I Right? By Mrs. O. F. WALTON, author of "A Peep behind the Scenes," etc. Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

Leafwine the Monk; or, The Curse of the Ericsons. A Tale of a Saxon Family. By the Author of "Glaucia," etc. Illustrated. Cloth gilt.

3s. each.

True Tales about India: its Native Princes and British Rulers. By S. J. BALLARD, of Mangalore. Maps and numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards.

Once upon a Time; or, The Boy's Book of Adventures. With Illustrations. Cloth boards.

2s. 6d. each.

Boys will be Boys. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards.

The Moth and the Candle; or, Lucy Woodville's Temptation. With Engravings. Cloth boards.

Golden Sheaves; or, Grace Reynold's Work for the Master. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards, gilt edges.

Old Anthony's Secret, and other Stories. By SARAH DOUDNEY. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. Cloth boards.

2s. each.

By HESBA STRETTON, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc. Each with Engravings. Crown 8vo, cloth boards.

A Thorny Path.

Pilgrim Street.

Enoch Roden's Training.

Fern's Hollow.

Fishers of Derby Haven.

Children of Cloverley.

1s. 6d. each.

By HESBA STRETTON. Each with Engravings. Royal 16mo. cloth boards.

Little Meg's Children.

Alone in London.

Max Kromer. A Story of Strasburg.

The Crew of the Dolphin.

The King's Servants.

The Storm of Life.

Cassy.

Friends till Death, and other Stories.

Michael Lorio's Cross and other Stories.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

7.

ME.

Rev. C. H.

by the Rev. E.

y Children.
Unequal Vote.

the Way.

By CRONA
Marker.

PLE.

GENT. With

Woodville's

ork for the
rds, gilt edges.

By SARAH
th boards.

Prayer," etc.
boards.

W.

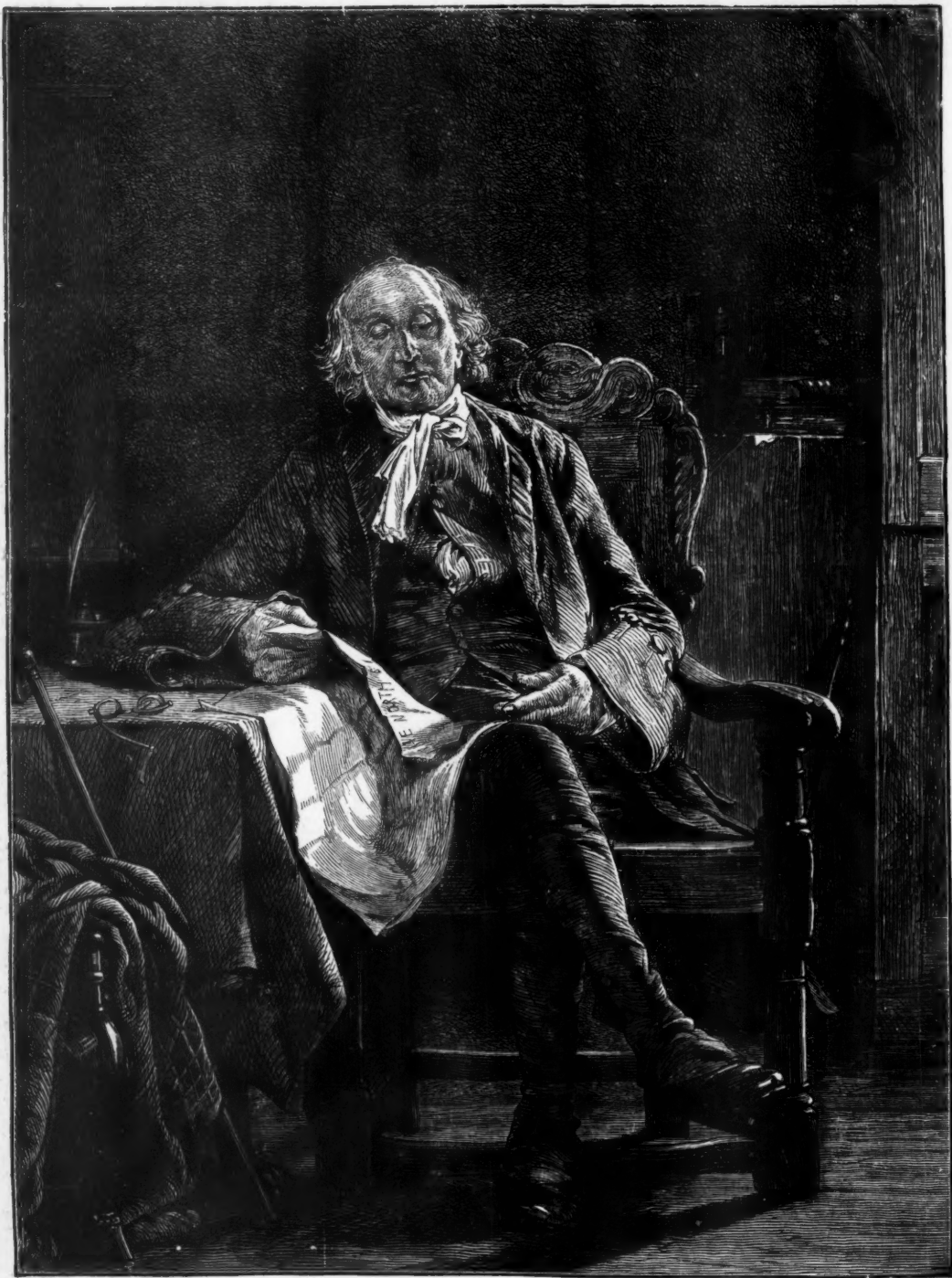
by Haven
loverley.

Royal 16mo

Life.

Death, and

io's Cross
es.



NO NEWS.

[From the Picture by Good, in the National Gallery.]